

Searching Servers

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34161547) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34161547>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	僕のヒーローアカデミア Boku no Hero Academia My Hero Academia , Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationships:	Wilbur soot & Aizawa Shouta Eraserhead , Wilbur Soot & Karl Jacobs , Alexis Quackity & Karl Jacobs & Sapnap , Sapnap & Karl Jacobs , Wilbur Soot & Clay Dream , TommyInnit & Aizawa Shouta , - Relationship
Characters:	Wilbur Soot , Karl Jacobs , Aizawa Shouta Eraserhead , Nedzu (My Hero Academia) , Midoriya Izuku , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Luke Punz , Callahan (Video Blogging RPF) , Bad Boy Halo , Badboyhalo - Character , Skeppy - Character , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Niki Nihachu , Jack Manifold (Video Blogging RPF) , Jack Manifold , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	timetravel au , crossover AU , Aizawa Shouta Eraserhead is Not Okay , Wilbur Soot is Not Okay , will add more tags , Not Canon Compliant , Canon Divergent , Pre L'manberg , teacher wilbur , Hero Wilbur Soot , Villain Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Everybody is kind of morally grey , Karl has seen some shit , pre-Eret's betrayal , L'Manberg War of Independence on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret's betrayal , Minecraft Mechanics , Callahan perspective sprinkled in , Mentions of Oboro , My Hero Academia Spoilers , Slight angst whoops , also slight implied erasermic bc i am a weak man , Niki's Bakery , 2020 L'Manberg Election on Dream Team SMP (Video Blogging RPF) , Swag2020 , Pog2020 , schlatt2020 , coconut2020 , TommyInnit perspective , Pogtopia
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Crossing new servers
Collections:	☆*: .o. o(≥▽≤)o .o.:*☆
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-29 Updated: 2021-12-26 Words: 19,799 Chapters: 11/?

Searching Servers

by [yeet3ms](#)

Summary

Aizawa didn't believe Wilbur was dead. The entire thing smelled fishy to him. When he approaches a certain someone after the funeral, he is given one chance to set things right, to change history to save Wilbur.

-X-X-X-

Or, A retelling of the Dsmp timeline through the eyes of our favourite pro hero, Eraserhead.

The fourth work in the Crossing New Servers series, picking up directly after the first story. A sequel to 'From A Dirty Crime Boi To A Hero', where Aizawa is sent back in time to save Wilbur from himself.

Notes

hi I'm back sorry
take this side story lmao

Note: on 27/02/2024, Shelby came forwards with allegations against Wilbur Soot that I believe are true. It sickens me that a creator I looked up to did these things. This fic, along with any other in the series, will remain abandoned as they already were, but I want to stress I do NOT support Wilbur anymore. These were written before we were informed of the truth. Fuck Wilbur, fuck abusers. As a survivor myself, it sucks to know someone I found comfort in writing about would victimise others in that way.

Chapter 1

This wasn't Aizawa's first funeral. In his line of work, they were a common occurrence. It didn't make them any less depressing, though. He doubted anyone could ever fully get used to the solemn silence that came before the ceremony, the broken gazes flitting across the room, painfully avoiding the elephant in the room. He'd always remember the first funeral he had ever gone to: Oboro's. It had rained that day, which only served to make an already gloomy day downright grim. He had gotten soaked that day, standing by the freshly placed headstone. Hours had gone by in the blink of an eye, the teenager so lost in his grief he only realised it had been so long when Yamada asked him if it was maybe time to go home. He'd never forget how cold he felt that day, how badly his throat hurt from crying. That was the first time he ever considered quitting the hero course. Having to bury a friend before he even graduated was not something Aizawa had expected to happen.

Yet, he didn't quit. He couldn't. Oboro wouldn't have wanted him to stop. So, Aizawa kept going. He graduated, worked his ass off to keep the streets safe, and even managed to snatch up a teaching job along the way. He liked to think Oboro would be proud of him if he could see him now. Not a day went by without Aizawa thinking of the passed hero. His students would have loved him. He would have made Aizawa's job a living hell, especially if he banded together with Yamada...

Aizawa hadn't expected to be going to another funeral so soon. Especially not for somebody he had known for barely a year, who seemed to be doing so well for himself. There wasn't even a body to bury. All they had was a pile of blue stuff that was found on the scene where Wilbur had disappeared. At first, he was declared missing, but security footage revealed that there was no way the man had made it out of the villain encounter alive; Wilbur was a tough hero, sure, but even All Might would struggle to survive a direct slash of an axe to the throat. He was declared deceased exactly seven days after the raid. In those seven days, Aizawa had not slept at all. Most of the UA staff hadn't, to be fair. Even the always well composed principal looked frazzled, a thick and heavy tension lacing the school halls as all the staff could do was sit and wait for more information.

The kid Wilbur had shown up, Karl if Aizawa remembered correctly, was also nowhere to be found. While it was first assumed that he disappeared alongside Wilbur, the footage found told a different story. The odd man had seemingly disappeared the second the action started, no cameras picking him up for the entirety of the raid. Aizawa couldn't help but wonder if he knew more than he had led on. Had he known the villains would be aiming for Wilbur's death? It didn't make sense. Wilbur had claimed they could trust Karl, yet in his moment of need Karl had abandoned his side.

And now Wilbur was MIA. Aizawa didn't want to believe he was dead, even if he saw the footage himself. He'd never forget the sickening crunch, followed by a sound so familiar that he swore he had heard it before. One moment, Wilbur was on his knees with his head sliced clean off, the next he's gone as well as the two villains, disappearing in a swirl of purple particles. He'd spent hours going over the footage, trying to find any clues, any signs, anything that could prove that Wilbur didn't die. He found nothing.

The ceremony was surprisingly quiet for the amount of attendees. Students, heroes and villains alike sat in the cramped up benches of the conference hall Nezu had rented out for the

funeral. Aizawa spotted most of the 1A students, and one singular 1C student he recognised from the sports festival. There were a few shady looking types, though they didn't seem to be here to start any trouble; All of them had the same misty eyed, far away look in their eyes that Aizawa was starting to grow too familiar with. Wilbur had been a lot more than just a hero, the silence in the room being proof enough on it's own; No one dared to mention the fact that heroes and villains alike were sitting side by side without arguing, united by the death of a man who, in Aizawa's opinion, might have been one of the best heroes around. A male Aizawa had never seen before approached the little podium at the front of the room, preparing to give a brief speech. He wasn't sure who the teen was; He looked too young to be a hero, nor did he look like the type Wilbur would be friends with. Wilbur himself was barely an adult. Or, he had barely been an adult. The thought coated his mouth in a sour taste. No one that young deserved to die.

"I'd like to first thank everyone for coming here today." The teen started, voice wavering with nerves. His fingers were tightly curled around the edge of the wooden podium. "I... My name is Haru. Six months ago, Wilbur saved my friend's life. He fixed up her stab wound, and let both of us stay. His home was always open to us. He... gave us a place until we were back on our own feet." A wry smile formed on the boy's lips, gaze wandering over to the photo of Soot resting on an easel. "He never asked for anything in return. Said he was trying to make up for his past, that it was the bare minimum he could do." He chuckled, though it sounded dry. "He was the only person who cared enough to help us. He did much more than just the minimum."

"I hope he knows we appreciate his work, wherever he is right now." Haru's voice cracked, shaking his head in an attempt to recollect himself. The rest of his speech was a blur to Aizawa, the man zoning out just a bit. Some other people spoke; Nezu spoke a few words, though his chipper tone really didn't fit the mood. He probably knew more about what had really happened to Wilbur than he was letting on. Midoriya gave a short speech, mostly talking about how Soot had been a true hero.

As the ceremony drew to an end, Aizawa spotted a face he hadn't expected to show. A frown formed on his features as he approached the figure, grabbing the man by his sleeve and dragging him somewhere more private. A startled yelp came from the figure, though he didn't struggle against Aizawa's grip. They came to a stop just outside the building. The hero fixed the brunette with a stern glare, mentally cursing himself for not bringing his scarf with him. In front of him stood the man known as Karl Jacobs, sheepishly smiling as he shifted his weight between his feet.

"What are you doing here?" Aizawa snapped, letting go off Karl's arm. The younger man looked down for a moment, shrugging his shoulders. "I wanted to see Wilbur's funeral. We don't... really do funerals where I'm from. I've only ever seen one, and... Let's say it was more like a celebration." Karl sounded like he was leaving something out, something important. "He's not dead, is he?"

Karl froze, wide eyes meeting Aizawa's dry ones. "How..." He trailed off, shaking his head a bit. Straightening up, he cast a quick look around, as if to check if anybody was listening in. "No, no he's not. He's... It's hard to explain. He's back home. Home home." So Wilbur was back in Britain? That didn't make a lick of sense. If he was just across the sea, why hadn't he let any of them know? He could have texted somebody or something. Apparently his confusion showed on his face, as Karl sighed. "He didn't tell you- Right,

sorry, uhm... Wilbur's home is not... Here? In this universe?" Karl didn't seem all too confident in his own words, like he was still searching for the right ones. "This isn't our universe. Wilbur came here by accident. That villain that was hunting him, Dream? He's from our world."

Aizawa's head was hurting. Other dimensions? Now, Eraserhead was a hero of logic and rationality. Had it been any other day, any other case, he wouldn't have believed Karl's words. But, this was no ordinary day. Wilbur had been an enigma from day one, a mystery Aizawa couldn't solve in time. This idea that he might be an interdimensional traveller would explain a lot of the oddity surrounding the man. It explained Wilbur's past, the lack of information about him, his odd quirk; Where in the past Aizawa had just written it off as Wilbur being a weird man, it made a lot more sense that he just didn't belong in this world. It also explained the time he disappeared for a minute, only to return saying he saw his father.

"He didn't die that day. He got sent back to your home world. That's what those purple things were. I knew they seemed familiar." Aizawa murmured, starting to pace as he thought. The purple particles, they had shown up when Wilbur disappeared that day in the teacher's lounge. While the camera capturing Wilbur's second disappearance, didn't have any audio, Aizawa was willing to bet that if it had, it would've caught up on the same 'vroomp' sound he had heard that day in the lounge. Karl had given him the missing piece to the puzzle that was Wilbur. Sure, there were still many things Aizawa didn't understand about the man, but he now had a grid to work with. The borders of the puzzle were done, now all that was left for him to do was fill in the middle pieces.

"Is he safe there?" Pushing aside his own curiosity about the missing hero, Aizawa got back to the topic at hand. The wince that came from Karl made him frown. "Safe is a strong word. He's alive, but... That's not important right now. I have something I need you to do for me." Karl shook his head, pulling something from the front pocket of his multicoloured hoodie. "Remember when I said Wilbur accidentally came here? I didn't. I came here to save Wilbur, to prevent him from being sent back to the server. It appears I may have failed." Something about the disappointed tone in Karl's voice gave Aizawa the impression he may have failed more times than he was admitting to.

"So, I want to give you an offer. With this handy little clock, I can send you to Wilbur's server. The catch is, it'll be before he got here. Meaning, he won't know you. But, maybe you can prevent it all from happening..." Karl wasn't making a whole lot of sense to Aizawa, but he got the general gist of what the other was trying to say.

"You want to send me back in time to prevent Wilbur from ever being sent to another server." Aizawa summarised, mulling over the idea. "Yes. I'd send you back about two years, to a time where Wilbur was just starting to settle into L'Manberg. All you have to do is make sure you don't alter history too much. We don't want Wilbur to be sent here, but we also don't want to disrupt the timeline too much."

"L'Man.. Berg? How will I know if I'm altering the timeline if I don't even know what the original one is?" The hero grumbled, making Karl pause for a moment. "Just... Try not to get too involved. Stay on the outskirts, observe, and only step in when absolutely necessary." Karl stated very matter of factly, like he had done it before. "And you're sure this will work?"

“No, but we have to try something, don’t we? If it fails, he ends up here again and history will simply repeat itself. Wilbur dies by the hands of his own servermates fourteen days after he returns to the server, and this world loses its newest hero.” Karl sighed, opening up his pocket watch. “Can you do it, Eraserhead?”

“I don’t have much of a choice, now do I?”

Avoidable Aftermaths

Chapter Summary

Karl saw some things he wished he didn't. Now he has to rely on somebody he barely knows to fix it all.

Chapter Notes

ello again

thank you for all the support <3333

I don't respond to most comments purely because I cannot express how much I appreciate you, thank you again

just a bit of exposition today, some build up perhaps :]
also Karl pov pog

Karl knew it was risky to send Aizawa back in time, but he was running out of options. This whole situation was way above his pay grade. He never asked for this. The first few times universe jumping had been fun; He'd seen countless fun worlds, from ones where all his friends were youtubers to universes where superheroes were real. Exploring these worlds was fun, until he had to leave. Then he'd come back home to his own broken world, memories jumbled and his home empty. Kinoko Kingdom was his pride and joy, but things hadn't been going too smoothly. George was... George, always off doing his own thing (mostly sleeping, it was what he was known for). Sappap was a good friend, an even better fiance, but he was hurting. He was one of the first players, he'd been through a lot. Wars, betrayals, lost friendships... With Dream, one of his best friends, locked up in Pandora's Vault, it was no wonder Sappap needed some time to process. Which left Karl on his own, in a kingdom that felt more like a ghost town every time he walked around.

He didn't know how Wilbur ended up in an alternative universe, or how Dream tracked Karl down in said universe. Once upon a time, Karl had worked with Dream, mostly out of desperation for a place to belong. He had defended Manberg, even if he didn't really care about the country. His friends were in Manberg, so he defended it. When it fell, he joined El Rapids, even gave a cannon live for the less than stable country. Dream didn't seem too pleased about it, but he never stopped them. Honestly, Karl had assumed the mask-wearing man would never speak to him again, but he apparently had assumed wrong.

Dream ordered him to find Wilbur, as if Karl worked for him. Not having a confrontational bone in his body, Karl agreed, though he never did tell Dream he found Wilbur. If anything,

he actively worked against Dream, warning Wilbur about the man any chance he got. Still, it wasn't enough. The raid went terribly wrong. They got split up, and Wilbur paid the price. Karl would forever feel guilty for failing, but he didn't have the luxury of getting stuck in the past.

While Wilbur's past was already bleak enough, his future didn't look much better. The day after his death, Karl had jumped back to the Dream SMP, only to find absolute chaos unfolding. Due to the flow of time being different between the two universes, he ended up arriving two weeks late. In that time, Quackity had apparently gone missing. According to Dream, it had been Wilbur's fault. He claimed for Wilbur to be revived, somebody had to take his place in the afterlife. While usually nobody would believe Dream, and for good reasons too, Wilbur's shady behaviour paired with the already tense atmosphere surrounding his death was the final straw.

Sapnap was the one to take Wilbur's final life. All the anger of the past blinded him, the grief of losing his fiance drowning out any last semblance of sense. This single action spiralled into a full blown war, the server being split into two camps. Not a single structure was left standing. Karl arrived only to find a wasteland where there was once life, finding body after body of his friends. While they might have once been on different sides, the members of the SMP were still his friends, his family. They were all he had.

Now he had to plant all his trust in a man he barely knew to save his friends and family from a gruesome end. Wilbur trusted Aizawa, Karl could gather that much, but he'd never told Aizawa the truth. It felt wrong to be spilling the other's secrets, but now was not the time for moral holdups. The choice was either to betray Wilbur's fragile trust or let the man die, and Karl had a clear preference. So, he told Aizawa as much as he could. As he opened up the portal, he went over the original timeline as globally as he could, leaving out any details that would only serve to confuse the older man. He gave Aizawa a pretty simple task: Do not let Wilbur blow up L'manberg. The hero had stared at him in confusion, though Karl could see the cogs turning in the man's head as he slowly pieced together another corner of the puzzle.

"Good luck, and don't frick this up. You have one shot. My universe's fate is in your hands." Karl offered Aizawa one last smile, before giving the taller man a shove. He heard a string of grumbles as the hero stumbled through the portal, letting out a shaky sigh as he watched the swirls of green and purple fade away. All he could do now was hope that Eraserhead was as good of a man as Nezu claimed he was. Speaking off, Karl should try to find the bear soon...

Observations

Chapter Summary

Aizawa hits the ground in an unfamiliar world, and realizes while his world might have been wacky, the Dream SMP is So. Much. Worse.

Chapter Notes

it me again

thank you for all the support <333

Just to clear this up real quick: Timeline wise we are currently right before Eret's betrayal, around the time Sapnap set fire to the forest around L'manberg.

Aizawa groaned as he felt his body hit the ground, the dampness of the grass instantly sending shivers up his spine. Static clouded his vision, the erasure hero taking a moment to catch his bearings. He wasn't at the funeral anymore, that much he was certain of; Trees lined the edge of his field of vision, though he didn't recognise what kind. As he pushed himself into a sitting position, he got a proper look of his surroundings. He was in a forest of some sort, with no real path visible. In the distance, he could see a structure, though the colours were too blurry to make out. The scent of pine hung in the air, along with a more zesty smell Aizawa couldn't quite place. Slowly rising to his feet, he felt a wave of dizziness hit him.

Something about this world felt... Off. Karl had mentioned this server(The man had kept on calling it a server, though Aizawa had no clue what that meant) worked differently than Aizawa's. Pulling out his phone, the once familiar screen now showed messages Aizawa swore he had never sent, with names besides them he didn't recognise. Comms is what Karl had called it. The members(? Again, Aizawa was quoting Karl) of the server used the system for quick communication, like how heroes would use the internet in Aizawa's world. It was similar enough that Aizawa wasn't too put off by it, but it was still strange to be able to see everyone's messages out in the open like this. Almost like he was intruding. He didn't get to dwell on it for too long, as a series of messages caught his eye;

WilburSoot: Dream, I wish to speak to you.

Dream: Community House, ten minutes. Come alone, no funny business.

Wilbur was alive. The portal had worked. Aizawa thickly swallowed, unsure why just the sight of his name made his throat feel sore. At least these messages confirmed the plan was still a go. He could focus on that instead of the weird feelings plaguing him as he cautiously made his way towards the blurry structure he had seen earlier. While walking, he tried to flick his wrist like Karl had shown him, almost stumbling when a hologram appeared hovering above it, displaying two rows of ten symbols; One row was of hearts, while the other seemed to be some kind of meat? If he remembered right, the hearts were his health and the odd meat his hunger. He needed to keep the bars up if he wanted to survive.

Swiping on the hologram, he brought up a screen labelled ‘*inventory*’. It was completely empty, which wasn’t a surprise considering Aizawa had just arrived. Still, it amazed him to see how this world functioned. He wondered what Wilbur had had in his inventory when he arrived; The TNT he used during the USJ incident must’ve come from here.

As Aizawa started to walk, he had to scale over a broken stone wall that looked like it had seen better days; Half of it had been made of wood, like the original makers had run out of materials halfway through. Not letting it deter him, he continued on towards the blurry shape in the distance. The structure turned out to be a set of walls made of a black kind of stone Aizawa didn’t recognize, black and yellow decorating the top half of the wall. It looked unfinished, a good chunk of it barely reaching above his shoulders. There were four watchtowers, one on each corner, though they were empty. Aizawa kept his distance as he circled around the walls, trying to determine whether it was safe to enter the guarded area or not. If his guesses were correct, which they usually were, this was L’manberg, the country Wilbur had started. The country he would blow up in less than six months. While Aizawa had seen greater buildings, the area had a certain air about it that made it appealing. It lay next to the forest, a river running along it. In the distance, he could see a wooden path connecting the inside of the walls to the outside, the path continuing far into the distance.

Deciding the path was probably a safer bet than stalking around the walls like a creep, Aizawa approached the oak wood with a furrowed brow. He couldn’t say he’d ever seen an outdoor path made entirely out of wood. His eyes landed on a sign seemingly floating above the path, a crude ‘*Prime Path*’ being scribbled onto it. Casting a look over his shoulder, Aizawa started to formulate a plan. He’d come back to L’manberg tonight, when he could safely scan the area without the risk of being seen. Until then, he better get familiar with the rest of the server. If anybody asked, Karl had told him to say he was a new member of the SMP, whatever that meant. He had a backup plan in case that didn’t work, the knife hidden in one of the many attachments of his belt would probably convince anyone to just leave him alone.

Continuing along the path, Aizawa saw a lot of... odd structures. A network of floating stone lines in the sky, with rails running along them. How on earth they were staying up, Aizawa didn’t know. A house labelled ‘*Tommy’s house L’manberg Embassy*’ that looked more like a hole in the ground. A large tree, labeled ‘*Ponk’s Lemon Tree*’ that looked like it had been burnt down recently. There were large towers everywhere, made of various materials; Some of the same stone the walls in L’manberg had been made of, along with the same stone those odd floating platforms had been made of. If Aizawa’s phone had been working normally, he

would've snapped a few photos to bring back to show to Yamada, to prove this was all real. Not that he currently could believe it was real himself. It all looked straight out of a video game.

The path brought him to a stone brick house that sat in the middle of a shallow lake. The path continued through the house, splitting into three different paths from what Aizawa could tell; One going in each direction of the wind. It looked like a centerpiece, like all corners of the world met in this exact house. Looking back at his phone for a moment, he scrolled back to the messages he had seen earlier. The community house, that had to be this place. Everything else so far looked too individual, too much like one person or maybe two had built it. This house was the only thing that screamed unity, the path towards it itself looking better.

Slowing down his step, Aizawa passed by an abandoned stage, eyeing it for a moment before turning back to the house. He couldn't go in without risking being seen, and the only thing he had going for him at the moment was the element of surprise. Walking in on them would not only give away his presence, but it would also mean he would have to explain himself to the creator of the server of how he got in. Plus, Aizawa could still feel his blood boil at the idea of facing the masked man after what he did, so observing from a distance felt safer.

Scaling up onto the roof of the community house turned out to be way easier than it looked. Another perk this world had was that Aizawa felt a lot more flexible, like he could jump way further than normal. He wasn't too surprised; He'd seen Wilbur jump from building to building like it was nothing before, he kind of assumed it stemmed from this world. Lowering himself to crouch as low to the ground as he could, his eyes landed on an approaching figure. The first thing he noted was that the figure was wearing a uniform of some sort. It resembled a uniform he'd seen in a museum once, one stemming from a war in the United States made years ago. The second thing he noticed was the familiar mop of brown curls resting on top of the tall figure's head. His skin looked a lot less grey than when Aizawa had met him, his fingers more pale than blue. He wore a smile that made Aizawa frown, something so fake lurking behind the man's pearly whites that Aizawa could practically feel it.

Wilbur carried himself differently, his head held high like he was a man who'd never known defeat. While Aizawa would have written it off as arrogance, the closer Wilbur got to the building, he came to the realisation it was naivety. This Wilbur had indeed not known any loss yet, nor had he won either. This Wilbur was fresh faced, on a quest to prove himself. There was a reason Wilbur had named himself after *Patheon*, a man who tragically died to prove himself worthy. The man currently standing underneath him was fighting for a nation he didn't know he would end up destroying. Aizawa's jaw tensed for a moment. He could fix this. Wilbur wouldn't blow up L'manberg. The hero would make sure of it.

Meetings And Fires

Chapter Summary

After the meeting turns sour, Aizawa witnesses a familiar sight

Chapter Notes

bacc bacc bacc again

thank you for all the support <3!!

(this does not fully follow the cannon timeline just because I have a plan in mind that needs events to happen in this order, don't worry about it I promise xoxoxo)

This wasn't Aizawa's first time eavesdropping. An underground hero like him spent most of his time chasing leads, getting answers by whichever means necessary. The distance between the floor Dream and Wilbur were talking on and the roof Aizawa was currently lying on top of was just big enough that he couldn't fully make out what the pair were discussing. He really had to strain his ears to make heads or tails out of their conversation, though so far he was managing pretty well.

The topic at hand was a peace offer; Dream would stop attacking L'manberg if Wilbur disbanded the nation. Wilbur's sharp laughter made Aizawa assume he would refuse the offer, and as the pair exited the community hub, he saw the taller man shake his head. The hero prepared to move, keeping a close eye on the masked man. Dream was an unknown variable, somebody who Aizawa didn't have a clear read on just yet. From what he had seen, the man was volatile, easy to rile up and quick to go for the kill. Yet, Dream, or this version of Dream, simply sighed as he nodded, like he hadn't expected anything else.

"Aren't you tired of playing pretend Wilbur? You can dress up all you want, but L'manberg will never be legitimate." Dream mused, head cocked to the side as he looked at Wilbur. Even with his mask, Aizawa could tell the man was watching Wilbur's reaction. "I will destroy L'manberg and every single person who chooses to align themselves with it. I'd head back to your little army of children, the sky is looking mighty grey..." He trailed off, gaze shifting to the looming sky above them. The scent of smoke hung in the air, the clouds turning an ashen colour.

A puzzled expression crossed Wilbur's features, eyes flickering between the clouds and the masked man. His communicator buzzed, drawing his attention towards the small device. Panic replaced his confusion, the revolutionary cursing under his breath.

"This isn't over, Dream." Wilbur huffed, shooting one last glare towards the hooded man before taking off towards L'manberg.

Aizawa, who had been hiding in the shadow of a large floating... UFO(?), ran a hand down his face. The scent lingering in the air reminded him of the training camp, of watching blue flames engulf the forest within the blink of an eye. Something was wrong, very, very wrong. He continued along the path, though he made sure to stay out of sight. The closer to the black and yellow walls he got, the stronger the scent got.

The sight he arrived at was so familiar, it made his stomach twist. While L'manberg itself was left untouched, the forest that had once surrounded the walls were on fire. Tall orange flames licked the walls, the unfinished portions of the wall that still had wooden support beams up crumbling under the heat. He could hear yelling coming from inside of the walls, the sound of water being thrown around soon following. While there wasn't much left of the forest to save, the path and L'manberg seemed safe for the time being.

The hero approached with caution, scaling up the side of a nearby hill to get a bird's eye point of view. Inside the walls, all he could see was a van with a... flaming(?) hotdog(?) on top of it, along with a tree and a singular building. He spotted Wilbur near the van, a blond kid standing besides him. Two brunettes were busy patching up the part of the wall that had gotten damaged, while a fox scrambled towards Wilbur. The members of L'manberg, if Aizawa had to guess. Most of them looked young, too young to be fighting a war.

He knew he was a hypocrite; His students back home couldn't have been much older than the kids of L'manberg, yet here was thinking they were too young to fight. The difference, in his opinion, was that these kids were fighting an actual war while his students were fighting criminals in a controlled environment. There was a stark difference between fighting for one's life and fighting for a grade.

As the L'manbergians regrouped, four figures approached the already wounded nation's walls. Among them, stood Dream, leading the group up to the entrance of L'manberg. Behind him stood three men, all in blue armour Aizawa recognised as the same kind he had seen Wilbur wear during the raid; A brunette with white round glasses, a blonde with a chain around his neck that resembled an eye of sorts, and a ravenette with a white headband tying back his hair. Soot stained the man's fingers, the smirk on his lips leading Aizawa to believe he had been the one to set the forest ablaze.

He was too far away to hear what the approaching group yelled, but by the expressions alone, he got the general gist. Dream drew a bow out, an arrow already docked, and shot without

aiming. He missed the L'manbergians by a long shot, said members laughing at his failure to hit them. It had never been his intention to hit them though, the flame(How his arrow had gotten on fire, Aizawa didn't know) of his arrow setting off a trap hidden beneath the ground. As Dream and his crew darted away, explosions started to go off, the ground crumbling beneath the feet of the L'manbergians. Aizawa could do nothing but watch as the five men scrambled to get into the water they had spread around earlier.

Barely anything inside of the walls was left standing as the smoke cleared. Most of the van had been blown sky high; All that was left of it was the hotdog. The walls themselves had taken quite the hit as well, parts having been flung far into the nearby lake. Aizawa coughed, trying to clear some smoke from his lungs. The air felt heavy, rain soon starting to fall as the hero watched the drenched children pull themselves out of the water. They looked even younger, the five of them standing underneath what little remained of the van to hide from the rain.

He could see them wringing out their wet uniforms, Wilbur's features drawn into a tight scowl as he helped his men. They talked amongst themselves, their weary expressions soon falling into tired smiles as the sun started to set. A campfire was soon set up, warming up the freezing soldiers. Music could be heard as their leader, Wilbur himself, got a hold of a guitar, their worries forgotten for just a while as they sang what sounded like an anthem. For a nation that had been practically wiped out in one afternoon, they still seemed to have hope. It was... almost heartwarming, how dedicated they were to their cause. A bittersweet taste lingered in Aizawa's mouth. Seeing how it all started out while he knew how it would end if he failed was troubling.

Sliding down the side of the now muddy hill, Aizawa decided he better find a place to stay for the night. While he didn't feel tired per se, he'd be better off catching whatever little amount of sleep he could get while it lasted. Going off of what he had seen today, time to rest would be short the coming days.

Breaking into somebody's house was morally not right. But, in a case of life or death, Aizawa wasn't too proud to let his morals kill him. As he followed the path away from L'manberg, he came to a stop at an empty looking house. The walls were made of that same black stone the server seemed full of, while the roof was made of... Leaves? Aizawa's brows knitted together for a moment as he came to a halt in front of the wooden doors of the house, seeing no signs or anything marking it as owned.

He knocked, only for the door to slowly creak open on its own. Ignoring the small part of his consciousness berating him for breaking into somebody's home, Aizawa pushed forwards, finding the building mostly empty; A furnace stood next to a wooden table, along with a few chests and a single bed. Now, Aizawa was faced with a very tough choice: Either he'd have to sleep outside in the cold, or he could sleep here, warm and safe, but with a guilty consciousness- He was out before his head even hit the pillow.

-X-X-X-

A startled groan left Aizawa's throat as he was roughly awoken by somebody shaking his shoulder. Rolling into a standing position, the trained hero drew his hidden blade from his boot, blurry gaze slowly focusing on his attacker. Said man looked as confused as Aizawa felt, his pure white eyes boring into Aizawa's red ones. His quirk had activated on instinct, his hair flowing up. The man looked like a demon, horns sticking out from under the red hood he wore. His skin was a pitch black, though it almost looked like it was just the shade from his hood causing the colour.

"Are you alright?" That voice definitely didn't match his face. It caught Aizawa off guard, the hero lowering his weapon as his hair fell back down to lay flat against his skull. "Who are you?" Aizawa's voice was even more gruff than usual, disuse and sleep taking their effects on him. "Me? I'm BadBoyHalo, but you can call me Bad." The demon, Bad, smiled. He didn't seem particularly threatening if Aizawa was honest, but he knew looks could be deceiving. "This is my house. Or, well, Skeppy and I share it! You're new, aren't you? Dream mentioned letting some new people on, but I didn't think he'd do it so soon..." Seemed like luck was in Aizawa's corner for once.

"Yeah, I joined late last night. I uh, I'm sorry for breaking in. Just needed a place to get out of the rain. I'm Aizawa." The hero swiftly dumbfounded his knife in his inventory before offering Bad a hand. "Oh, don't worry about it you muffin! I'm glad you didn't stay out there, you could've caught a cold or something!" The demon shook his hand, slowly taking a hold of his hand and giving it a firm shake. Again, his appearance didn't match his personality; His grip could've crushed Aizawa's hand, yet his smile was so bright it revived Midoriya's.

"I should get going, thanks again for letting me stay." Aizawa moved towards the door, ignoring the other's dismissive headshake. "You can stay if you want! I don't mind. I need to head out soon anyways! I promised Skeppy I'd go training with him." Bad followed him to the door, Aizawa stepping outside before the other could persuade him to stay longer. "Really, I have... Some things to attend to. Goodbye, Bad." With that, Aizawa took off towards L'manberg, with thousands of questions rattling around in his skull. Had he just met a real life demon?

-X-X-X-

Callahan wasn't sure what was happening. One minute, he's just calmly going over the morning logs with a nice slice of bread, when his eyes land on a set of commands performed just seconds ago.

/gamemode adventure BadBoyHalo

/gamemode survival BadBoyHalo

While it wasn't uncommon for the DreamTeam to put each other in different game modes to mess with each other, this case was different, for the one who had put in the commands wasn't one of them. The logs said somebody named *Eraserhead* had typed them in, and Callahan was pretty sure they didn't have anybody using that name on the server. A hacker, maybe? He'd have to keep his eyes on it. Bad hadn't messaged him that anything was wrong yet, so clearly the other hadn't been too bothered by the sudden gamemode switch. For now, Callahan would let it slide. Besides, he had better things to do. Closing his comms, he finished off his bread before sliding his signature hood up. Maybe he'd go for a walk, or bully George...

Betrayal Tastes Sour

Chapter Summary

While exploring, Aizawa sees four messages he wished he had never seen.

Chapter Notes

it me again pog

Trigger Warning: Angst

thank you for the support<3

if you have any questions, feel free to ask them in the comments I try to answer those I can answer without spoiling too much :]

Aizawa was chronically tired. The doctors said it was a side effect from his quirk, while his mother had always claimed it was just laziness. Whatever causation laid behind it, it left Aizawa feeling drained even after a good night of sleep on most days. That was, back home at least. This world, which was so widely different in almost every way, was no exception. He'd slept for at least eight hours, yet his entire body still felt heavy as he dragged himself along the Prime Path. His eyes itched, though no amount of rubbing or scratching would soothe them. Without his eye drops, every blink was painful. He was trying to be sparse with his use of them, for he hadn't brought much of the liquid with him. Half a bottle was all he had.

The server was quiet as he wandered around, almost too quiet. So far, there had always been some form of noise wafting through the air; Whether it be music, talking or shouting, there wasn't much silence to be found. While Aizawa appreciated the lul of sound, always having preferred silence over noise, he still found himself being put on edge. Places as alive as the server didn't become silent for no reason. It felt like it was the calm before the storm.

He passed by the Embassy, which looked like it had seen better days; Freshly dug holes littered the area, remnants of TNT visible as the scent of gunpowder hit Aizawa's nose. The sporadic nature of the holes gave Aizawa the impression somebody had been searching for something, something potentially important that was buried here. Jumping over one of the holes, he couldn't help but wonder what kind of treasure must have been hidden here that would lead to somebody digging up half of the yard.

Dusting the mud off of his boots, he stepped back onto the remains of the Prime Path. L'manberg was still in ruins, though they had managed to patch the walls up pretty well already. Their speed surprised Aizawa; Even UA, who had countless more resources than the young nation, often took weeks with repairs. When the gate was destroyed by the press, it took three weeks before the area was fixed. How the L'manbergians had done it so fast, Aizawa didn't know.

He climbed back on top of the same mountain he had stood on the previous day, peering down at the fragile nation. His features drew into a confused frown as he found the nation to be empty. None of the L'manbergians seemed to be home, the walled off area a ghost town. That was odd indeed. Deciding to capitalise on the moment, Aizawa sneaked into L'manberg without much of an issue. There was nobody to stop him, allowing him to freely explore the area.

As he had suspected, the L'manbergians were low on supplies. Almost every chest he checked barely had anything in it, some even being empty. Water and debris littered certain areas of the nation, making them inaccessible. The van was mostly patched up, though the inside was pretty barren. A tree had a sign tacked to it, reading ' *The L'mantree* '. The handwriting was sloppy, like whoever had written it hadn't been a big writer. Aizawa took a photo of the sign, something telling him it was important. He also snapped a picture of the van, this time mostly in the unlikely case that he'd be able to carry the photos over to his own world.

Right as he was about to snap a photo of one of the fully intact walls, his communicator buzzed. It had been buzzing all night, every message being sent in the global chat sending him a notification, so at first glance it was nothing to worry about. The difference this time was that Aizawa caught sight of the pop up notification. His blood ran cold as he opened up the chat, staring at the four messages mocking him.

WilburSoot was slain by Punz

TommyInnit was slain by Dream

Tubbo_ was slain by Sapnap

ItsFundy was slain by GeorgeNotFound

Aizawa felt his stomach coil in on itself as he pressed his hand over his mouth, horror sinking into his bones. His knees felt weak as the communicator clattered to the floor, his body soon following. Logically, he knew this wasn't the end. This world worked differently. Everybody had three lives. But, that didn't make him feel any less sick knowing Wilbur had just lost his

first one. Nor did it force down the bile that was threatening to leave his throat as he realised three *children* had just lost their first lives. No amount of logic would be able to stop the shake that had taken hold of his body as he reached to grab the fallen phone, shoving it into his pocket. He couldn't stay here. The last thing he wanted right now was to have to face the L'manbergians while it was taking all of himself not to throw up what little food he had eaten in the past day.

Stumbling out of the crumbling walls, Aizawa found himself leaning against a black tower he hadn't had the time to explore yet, arms wrapped around himself. He drew in deep breaths, trying to regain some form of control over his emotions. Numbly, he wondered what had happened to the fifth member of L'manberg, the tall brunette who he'd seen working on the walls the previous day. There were only four death messages, yet five L'manbergians.

The answer to his question came soon enough, a masked man dragging a tall figure along the Prime Path. Aizawa would've assumed it was a hostage situation had he not noticed the proud smile on the tall one's lips. Making sure he was out of sight, Aizawa tried to pick up on their conversation.

"The crown is yours now Eret." Dream sounded like he was smirking, making Aizawa's skin crawl. "I suppose so." Their voice caught the hero off guard, being much deeper than he would have expected. "It needed to happen, you understand that right? You did the right thing. You said it best yourself; 'It was never meant to be'! The sooner those morons get it through their skull, the better off the server will be. All this conflict will only lead to more unnecessary bloodshed." Dream sounded so convinced of his own words, almost enough to convince Aizawa this man was truly doing what he thought was right. The thought didn't last very long, flashes of the masked man trying to kill Wilbur sobering the hero pretty quickly.

It did give Aizawa some answers to work with. Eret hadn't died because they had been the one to start off the whole attack. While he didn't have any of the details, from the conversation he had just heard he could make out that Eret had betrayed L'manberg for the title of king. Aizawa wanted to be mad, wanted to hate the tall kid, but... Eret didn't look like an evil mastermind. They looked like a person tired of war, who did what they thought this was their only out. Maybe Aizawa had spent too much time hanging around Wilbur, but he only felt pity as he watched the pair leave his field of vision. War made people do stupid things. Eret made a bad choice, and by the pained look Eret threw over their shoulder when they thought Dream wasn't looking told Aizawa all he needed to know.

X-x-x

In all honesty, Aizawa should've been looking for food earlier. Between being sent back in time to save his friend colleague and having to deal with conflict after conflict, he hadn't

quite stopped to keep track of his hunger bar. He hadn't really felt hungry, and he was still getting used to the holograms and how they worked. As noon rolled around, he realised he should probably eat something soon. Checking his bars confirmed it, the ten bars being almost fully empty.

The problem was that he hadn't really seen a grocery store or anything of the sort so far. He'd seen a small wheat field, and some other crops scattered around the server, but nothing that looked ready for consumption. He was left with the hard choice of committing yet another crime, or starving. At this rate, his criminal record would beat those of the villains he hunted in no time.

He ended up stealing a few pieces of bread from the community hub(He rationalized that if they were in the community house, it meant they were for the community.). They filled up his hunger bar nicely, and he even had some left over. With the food situation dealt with, he encountered a new problem; If he was going to be staying here, he'd need a more permanent house. While he didn't doubt Bad would let him stay another night, he didn't want to risk being around the server members too much this early on. He was still just barely getting the hang of how things worked, and exposing himself as an outsider was dangerous.

During his time scouring through the community chests for food, he picked up a few things he could only describe as blocks. They were bundled together in stacks of 64, labels stuck to each pile of what kind of blocks they were. He recognised some as the materials used to build the various structures he'd seen around the server; Blackstone, cobblestone, wood... He could probably use them to build a temporary shelter. Tucking them into his inventory, Aizawa set off to find an area to build at.

While the area around the Community House was pretty crowded, anything beyond the hills surrounding the area was pretty barren. Aizawa ended up setting up camp to the west of L'manberg, across the lake. He'd found the entrance to a cave, and with the stolen materials had managed to set up a temporary base for the time being. It wasn't anything special, but it kept the rain and wind out.

During his time building, he found a new feature on his phone. It had a new menu, simply labelled '*recipes*' that explained how to craft items. He'd seen Wilbur do it once or twice back home, the other always being rather secretive about it. Being able to do it himself now was odd, though he was slowly getting the hang of it. He'd managed to make a few tools, getting stone and iron from the cave that was now his house. By the time the sun started to sink, he'd even made himself a nice bed, three sheep now running around without their coats to keep them warm.

Dropping himself down onto his bed, a sigh escaped his lips. This whole journey was turning out to be a lot more challenging than he had anticipated. Of course he hadn't thought it would be easy to save Wilbur, but to be dropped head first into a war was a lot worse than he had

expected. To watch children fight for somebody else's dream, to watch them die for the cause was jarring. Aizawa liked to act like an emotionless man, somebody who was above feelings, but in reality he was still just human. And as he laid there, in his shoddily made bed in a world he barely knew, he couldn't help but stifle a sob as he stared at the ceiling, chastising himself for not doing enough. He'd let four lives get lost. He needed to step it up.

-X-X-X-

There was another odd bug. Callahan had been keeping a close eye on the logs, some part of him still hung up on the weird glitch that had happened earlier that day. It hadn't been something that happened this time, while something big did happen. As four players died, Callahan noticed something he hadn't seen before; There were more players on the server than there were supposed to be. In the list of active players, a player was missing. There was somebody on the server that wasn't showing up as a named player. It made no sense. How could a person be on the server without existing in the logs? Plus, shouldn't there have been a welcome message when this person joined?

Opening up the chat, Callahan shot a message to Dream. Had it been an isolated incident, Callahan would've written it off, like he had done earlier this morning, but now with another issue popping up, he felt like he needed to talk to the Admin about it. Maybe Dream knew something about this mystery player who for some reason had no name and could access the admin panel to change people's game modes. Maybe it was a prank? A mod of some sort? Callahan chewed on his bottom lip as he hovered over the *'send'* button. Better safe than sorry, right?

Peace Offers

Chapter Summary

As a discussion about peace goes awry, Aizawa realises this server is a lot more twisted than he had anticipated

The server was quiet for a few days. As much as Aizawa appreciated the lull in action since it allowed him to get more familiar with the server, it still put him on edge. The lack of action made him wonder if something big was coming, or if both sides of the war had finally ran out of steam. With how dedicated both parties were, Aizawa doubted the latter was the case; The L'manbergians had already proven they were ready to die for their cause, and something told Aizawa that Dream was just as determined, if not more. One didn't stage a betrayal if one didn't think it was worth it.

Aizawa was starting to get a hang of how things worked in the server. He memorized the layout, which turned out to be a bit useless as the landscape kept changing. One second, an area is filled with hills, the next there is a castle standing in that same area. Said castle had shown up practically overnight, the looming building decked out in rainbow flags and tall towers. He assumed it must be Eret's, the conversation he had overheard between the former L'manbergian and Dream coming to mind. Eret was technically the king of the server now, even if that title didn't seem to mean much.

Around the one week mark after his arrival to the server, his communicator started to buzz. Usually, it was just idle chatter amongst the many members of the server; People asking for supplies, throwing insults to each other or requesting to meet up. Aizawa hadn't dared to use the chat yet, only reading what others said. He'd been out mining when it went off, deciding to check it since he was just about to head back to his base anyways. His brow furrowed as he skimmed over the messages, confusion filling his mind.

The L'manbergians wanted to discuss peace with Dream, that much he could gather. Wilbur was told to come alone, in similar fashion as last time, though this time they were supposed to meet up at the embassy. Checking the time, Aizawa realised that if he rushed, he could probably make it there in time. Shoving his communicator into his inventory, he grabbed a torch and made his way out of the mess of tunnels he had been exploring.

The sky was starting to turn orange as Aizawa sat crouched on top of the hill just behind the Embassy, hidden in the shade of a lone tree. He was close enough that he could hear what was being discussed, though anything whispered was too hard for him to pick up. Wilbur was

the first to show up, though he wasn't alone as he had been ordered to be; Besides him walked a blonde kid Aizawa had seen a few times around the server. He wore a red and white baseball t-shirt, no armour to be seen. Now that Aizawa thought about it, he didn't remember ever seeing any of the L'manbergians wearing armour. He wrote it off as them being low on supplies; He'd seen what their storage looked like, and it was pitiful to say the least.

"Tommy, you cannot interrupt me and Dream, okay? This is, this is serious." Wilbur sounded stern, though there was a hint of worry in his tone, like he knew his words would fall on deaf ears. The teen scoffed, waving off Wilbur's worries. "I know, I know! I won't interrupt, I'll just listen n' shit. But if he's being a dick, I will clobber him." The boy, Tommy, said, the smirk on his lips confirming that he most definitely would try to attack the mask man if given the chance. Wilbur sighed, shaking his head. "No, no we're not clobbering anybody. Can you please take this serious Tommy? Our nation is on the line here! You are going to be quiet, and you most definitely are *not* attacking Dream, do I make myself clear?" Wilbur sounded sharp, sharper than Aizawa had ever heard him be before. Nerves riddled the revolutionary, his shoulders twitching into a strained, straightened out position as a familiarly masked man came into view. "Don't fuck this up, Tommy." Wilbur hissed through clenched teeth before forcing a smile onto his lips.

"I told you to come alone, Wilbur." Dream's tone was flat, his head tilting to the side to show his disapproval. "I can't control what Tommy does." Wilbur replied, side-eyeing his companion before looking back at Dream. "It doesn't matter though. I want to discuss peace. This... This conflict cannot keep going on forever. My men are tired, and I know yours are too." Changing the subject, the revolutionary took the lead, pacing just a few steps. "Give us the freedom we deserve, Dream. This could all be over."

"If I give you freedom now, how will I know you won't ask for more in the future? I let you guys run your own little nation for a while, and all of a sudden you come asking for more land, more people, just always more." Dream shook his head, crossing his arms across his chest. "I cannot trust your nation of children, Wilbur." Those words seemed to strike a nerve with the so far silent teenager, Tommy huffing as he took a step towards Dream.

"I'll show you who's a child, you green bastard-!" Within the blink of an eye, the blonde drew a sword from his inventory, Wilbur only just managing to hold the teen back. Tommy didn't stop though, continuing to hurl obscenities at the now laughing masked man. "See, Wilbur? You can't even control your own men! How am I supposed to trust you to run your own nation?" His laugh had an almost wheezing edge to it, like this was peak entertainment to him.

"Duel me, Dream. Just you and me. A bow duel at dawn. If I win, you let us have our independence." Tommy sounded confident, gaze piercing as he turned to face Dream. The man considered it for a moment, hands unfolding from across his chest. "And if I win?" Dream asked, curiosity practically rolling off of him in thick waves. "You won't win." Tommy huffed, a cocky smile on his lips, though to Aizawa it read as faked confidence. The masked man was silent for a moment, before nodding. "Alright,"

“Prime Path, tomorrow at dawn. Bring a bow, and show up with one heart. If you’re late, we will stop at nothing to destroy L’manberg.” Dream said, Tommy nodding in response. With that, the masked man turned on his heels, pausing a brief moment before walking away. “Good luck Tommy.” His words made the teen scoff. “Like I’ll need your shit luck, Dream. You’re the one who’s going to be needing luck!” While his words were sharp, there was an air of self doubt in Tommy’s posture. This was a child who had just signed away his life in an attempt to save his nation; The weight of his actions must be sinking in. This would be his second death within a week if he failed. The thought alone made Aizawa’s stomach turn.

“Did I do the right thing, Wilbur?” Tommy asked, turning to his friend, who had been silently watching the exchange. “Only time will tell.” Wilbur drew out, his features drawn into a frown. “We need to prepare for tomorrow. Come, we don’t have much time. We have to get you a bow.” With that, the pair hurried along the Prime Path, the setting sun illuminating their figures as they disappeared along the horizon towards L’manberg. Tomorrow would mark a new beginning. Either L’manberg would gain its independence, or it would lose the war. Two outcomes, the deciding factor being a duel between a child and a man. As Aizawa stepped onto the wooden path, he couldn’t help but wonder if the masked man felt any remorse at all for accepting the duel clearly made out of a child’s desperation. His stomach felt heavy as he walked, questions running wild through his mind. Maybe it was better if he didn’t get the answer to that question; He wouldn’t be able to stop himself from punching the masked man if he knew the truth.

Dawn Duels

Chapter Summary

At dawn, bows are drawn, and the war is settled

Chapter Notes

hi it me

I'm sorry for being MIA for the past two weeks, my mental health took a bit of a swan dive but I'm starting to recover! I still love this project and am determined to finish it

Thank you for all your love and support!! <3!!

(Also yes I know that Jack was technically called Thunder when he first joined the server but for the sake of ease, I'm sticking with JackManifold as his username pls don't kill me lmao)

Aizawa showed up early. The sky was still a deep black colour, stars twinkling in a way the hero hadn't seen before. Back home, the skies were too polluted to see the stars. It was almost ironic how pretty this world was compared to how the people in it behaved. A world with skies like these shouldn't be torn apart by wars. It was a real shame. Hell, it wasn't even just the skies that were pretty; The trees, the buildings, hell even the grass... Everything looked so vibrant and bright. A world with so much death had no right to look so alive.

The server was quiet, like it was holding its breath in anticipation for what was to come. Even the wind was quiet, the soft breeze barely noticeable. It seemed to be summer, since it was the middle of the night yet Aizawa had yet to feel any nip of cold bother him. The soft breeze felt refreshing, if anything. His scarf of course didn't help, but it didn't feel right to take it off. It was comforting, in a way, to have the last physical part of his own world with him.

Why they had decided to hold this duel before sunrise was beyond Aizawa, a yawn tearing from his lips as he scaled up the blackstone walls of a building he hadn't gotten around to exploring yet. It had walls similar to L'manberg, though it lacked the black and yellow

decorations. Lanterns were carved into the wall, covering the area in a soft orange glow. From his spot, he had a perfect view of the Prime Path, the wood looking a lot more gloomy than Aizawa remembered. Dread settled in his chest as he slouched down against the wall he had been peering over. The ledge he was crouched on could barely hold him, one wrong move would send him toppling. His years of training were the only reason he hadn't gone splatt against the coloured stone below him.

His breath hitched in his throat as he spotted figures approaching, four in total. Wilbur was in front, his features drawn into a blank scowl. Nerves radiated off of him, his shoulders tense as he looked over to his right at the teenager besides him. Tommy didn't look like he was faring much better, though he did a better job at hiding it. The smirk on his lips was shaky, his hands trembling as he shouted something Aizawa couldn't discern from so far away. Behind them, walked two boys whose names Aizawa did not know just yet. He had a feeling the boy with the fox ears was Fundy, the son Wilbur had mentioned once in passing. Back at the time, the hero had assumed Wilbur hadn't been serious about having a child, but now, as he watched the orange haired teen reach for the older man's sleeve, he realised how wrong he had been.

That left only the brunette unnamed. The boy was short, shorter than all the other L'manbergians by quite a bit. His smile was just as nervous as Tommy's, though there was also a certain kind of determination in his eyes that Aizawa could only label as trust, trusting that Tommy would come out victorious no matter what. While it was a naive thought, Aizawa couldn't hold it against the kid; he looked like he was barely sixteen. No child should have to worry whether their friend would survive the day or not. A flash of blue hair came to mind, Aizawa thickly swallowing down the wave of grief briefly passing over him. Now was not the time to draw parallels between his mistakes and this world.

Tommy and Wilbur split apart from the rest of the group for a moment, discussing something in the distance. Aizawa saw the older of the pair shove a bow into Tommy's hands, the teen fumbling with it for just a moment. As Wilbur walked back to the group, Tommy hesitated, his gaze shifting between his friends and their country laying just beyond the hills. As the sun slowly started to rise, Aizawa couldn't help but think how small Tommy looked, how wrong it was to see a child so young look more like a veteran than the sixteen(?) year old he actually was. He'd seen heroes wear less weary and tired expressions, seen more grown men handle weapons with way less care than the teenager currently approaching the path.

The air was tense, the only sound filling the air being the running water of the lake. Dawn had arrived, the sky slowly turning purple as Dream appeared in the distance. A few men trekked behind him, the same ones that had been at his side when L'manberg was blown up mere days ago. All of them were in armour, some even holding weapons. Their blue axes shone with a purple light Aizawa didn't recognise. Eret was among them, a new crown resting in their brown curls. Brightly coloured gemstones decorated the golden plating,

making it look almost like a rainbow. Their glasses were still firmly in place, though the slight furrow of their brow at the sight of the friends they had betrayed told Aizawa more than enough. The group came to a halt a few metres away from the L'manbergians, a tense silence settling between them.

Dream was the first to move, removing his armour. His mask stayed firmly in place, hiding his true expressions. Aizawa had a theory about the mask, about its function. It wasn't uncommon back home for villains and heroes alike to wear masks, to obscure their features. There were usually two reasons: It was either to hide their identity, or hide their fear, and by the looks of it, Dream was not trying to hide who he was. It made Aizawa wonder who Dream was scared of exactly. He currently had the upper hand, he was winning, so why bother hiding behind a smile? It intrigued the hero, though he doubted he'd get the answer. Dream seemed like a man who kept his cards close to his chest.

Tommy stepped forwards as the L'manbergians moved off of the path, settling on the hill beside the wooden planks. He took a deep breath, eyes never leaving the masked man in front of him. Dream drew a bow out from his inventory, checking something before meeting Tommy's gaze. Aizawa assumed the man must've been checking his hearts; it was supposed to be a one hearted duel if he remembered correctly. Tommy checked as well, his motions a lot more choppy than the calm looking Dream. While Aizawa couldn't properly hear them, he could only assume they both confirmed they were on one heart, both of them nodding.

Wilbur started to speak, presumably explaining the rules. Tommy and Dream stood back to back to each other, their audience standing scattered along the path. Both of them had their bows drawn out, arrows docked and ready to fire. Wilbur raised his hand, and started to count down. With each word, the men took a step forward, the gap between them widening. He saw Tommy's grip on the string of his arrow waver as Wilbur reached two. At three, Dream rolled his shoulders. At five, Tommy took a deep breath. At eight, Dream tilted his head. At nine, both of them prepared to turn.

"Ten paces, fire!"

Both of them missed their first shot. Aizawa could feel his heart beating in his throat as he watched the arrows whizz through the air. Tommy stumbled, missing another shot as he fell into the lake just below the path. He shot another one, his aim severely affected by the water. Dream, who so far had only taken one shot, dodged the poorly aimed arrow, standing on the edge of the path as he drew his arm back. As his index and middle finger let go of the string, Aizawa felt the world slow down. All he could do was watch the arrow go straight towards

the teenager, piercing him right through the chest. He ducked down behind the wall, needing a moment to remember how to *breathe* .

As cries of victory broke out behind him, Aizawa clutched at his chest, flashes of blonde and blue mixing as old and new grief consumed him. He drew in a few ragged breaths, ignoring the stinging pain behind his eyes, refusing to give in. He forced himself back up, peering over the wall to see the aftermath. Tommy was already back, a solemn gaze in his eyes. He said something, something that made Wilbur's posture tense. He was clearly going to argue, though Dream cut him off. Tommy and Dream walked away from the pack, leaving behind the tense L'manbergians and the celebrating... What was their faction name? Aizawa couldn't remember if he'd ever even heard them refer to themselves as a collective.

Whatever Tommy and Dream discussed, it resulted in Dream returning to the crowd holding to CD looking discs, and Tommy walking back to his nation mates and announcing so loud even Aizawa could hear, that L'manberg was officially independent. Aizawa felt his jaw drop. How had he managed that? Tommy had lost the duel! By the looks of it, Aizawa wasn't the only one wondering what had just happened, the L'manbergians looking just as confused as Aizawa felt. Dream and his goons left the area, the headband-wearing man that had lit the forest ablaze a few days ago questioning his leader as they walked. He seemed to get dismissed, pissing the man off. A spark flew from his hands, which Aizawa stored away for the future.

X-X-X

The L'manbergians celebrated long into the night. Their songs filled the server, the rebuilt nation looking strong as ever as Aizawa passed by the walls. It was nice to hear the cheerful banter coming from the nation. The war was over. The citizens could go back to being just that, instead of being soldiers. The kids could go back to being children, to worrying about nothing but pranks and friends. As Aizawa approached the cave he had made his home, his communicator pinged a few times. While it had been making noise for most of the evening as the server chatted amongst themselves, these pings were new. He hadn't heard the noises before. Opening up chat, he realised why they were new.

Nihachu has joined

Quackity has joined

JackManifold has joined

KarlJacobs has joined

Four new players had joined the server. Skimming over some of the messages in chat, Aizawa found that it was to celebrate the new peace on the server; Dream had invited new players as a sign of good faith. The chat was filled with welcoming messages for the new members. Aizawa wondered if he could use this to his advantage. He could blend in as one of the new players, as an unannounced fifth new player. Maybe he could finally step out of the shadows and take matters into his own hands.

-X-X-X-

It didn't make sense! Dream had suggested letting new players on the server, to see if that would maybe fix the player number glitch, but as four new people joined the server, the player list still showed one too many people active. Callahan was starting to run out of ideas. Maybe he should ask Bad if he had seen anything suspicious lately. He was one of the few others with access to the admin panel after all, with Sapnap, George and Dream being the others. While he'd prefer to go straight to Dream, the man was too busy with the whole L'manberg versus DreamSMP to listen to him. Same with Sapnap and George. Bad was the only one who wasn't too busy these days, with Skeppy being busy with gods knows what. Maybe he could ask Sam, he was a smart guy too...

Then again, the more people he told about the glitch, the more likely it was for unrest to spread across the server. The idea of an imposter being among them would break the fragile peace that had just formed. No, he couldn't drag his friends into this. He had to solve this himself. Grabbing a potion of swiftness from his inventory, Callahan cracked his knuckles, getting ready to break and remold the code until he got to the bottom of this mystery.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

As the winds of the server changed, Aizawa finally formally met a few of the SMPs members

Chapter Notes

hi it me

thank you for all your support <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A lot changed in the following weeks; two of the new members of the server joined L'manberg, the nation thriving now that it wasn't actively being blown up anymore. New buildings started to pop up around the server, most of them looking a lot nicer than the standard Aizawa had come to expect of the buildings of the server. One of these new buildings was a bakery. It had a cozy air about it, looking inviting. The first time Aizawa walked past it, he had to take a double take that he was still in the same world with large cobblestone towers and dirt houses. The bakery didn't look like it belonged, yet it had made its home nestled in between dense trees and the large walls of L'manberg.

Aizawa was hesitant to enter. While he was aware he couldn't hide away forever, the more antisocial part of him was thriving under the lack of any social interaction. Had he not become a hero or a teacher, he would've definitely become a hermit; Most days, he'd just rather be on his own than have to bother figuring out social cues and adhering to social rules he didn't agree with. There were people he could handle better than others, but on bad days it was still a struggle to push out any noise to respond to people. He'd grown more in control of his mood as he grew older, but it was still a struggle. The forced reclusiveness this new world had forced upon him certainly didn't help, the already socially stunted hero almost growing rusty when it came to socializing.

The first time he actually entered the bakery wasn't entirely planned. He'd been wandering around the server, something that had almost grown to be a routine, when he'd paused by the bakery for a minute. The reason had been a ping on his communicator, the message that another new player had joined making his brows furrow. A new player? That seemed odd, with the last four players having been added so recently. Plus, they had been added as a batch. Why would Dream add singular people now?

So caught up in the confusion that chat was making him feel, he didn't fully register the creak coming from the door just a few metres from him until it was too late. A woman, a good bit shorter than the hero, stood frozen on the doorstep, hand still holding onto the door handle. Confusion crossed her features as Aizawa internally had to pull himself back together. Shoving his communicator into his pocket, he straightened out his shoulders a bit. The woman tensed, her hand balling up into a fist at her side. Her features were blank, so blank it looked practised. While she might look frail at a glance, her posture alone told Aizawa all he needed to know; he'd spent years analysing the stances of villains to gauge how skilled they were, and he had gotten pretty damn good at it.

"Are you open?" Aizawa's voice felt scratchy in his throat, disuse giving it just the slightest hint of added gruffness. She blinked, another puzzled look crossing her gaze before she seemed to put the pieces together. A smile so soft it almost looked out of place on the face of a woman who so clearly was dangerous formed on her lips as she nodded. Her hair was a soft pink colour, tied up into two buns. Space buns, Aizawa had once heard Nemuri refer to the hairstyle as.

"Yes, we are. Come inside." She had an accent Aizawa wasn't all too familiar with. If he had to guess, he'd say European, assuming Europe was still a thing in this world. He didn't let himself linger on the thought for too long, the idea of the only thing being constant between dimensions being Europe being highly upsetting. Instead, he followed her lead, stepping into the homey looking bakery. The inside had the exact same feeling as the exterior, baked goods lining the shelves. Having eaten nothing but poorly made bread and potatoes for weeks, Aizawa could feel his mouth water at the sight.

"Are you the new guy?" The lady asked as she moved to hop over the counter, taking place near a chest. Aizawa shook his head as he browsed the goods. "No, I have been here for... a while. I joined a little while after you, I think. There were some... technical difficulties when I joined. It's why I do not have one of those 'joined' messages. Dream is not sure yet what happened." Aizawa had planned out this cover story for weeks now, had worked it out to the point where it rolled off his tongue so smoothly he could almost convince himself it was the truth. He buried his nose in his scarf, already feeling a headache form in his temple as he caught the woman nodding, seemingly buying his tale.

"I see... Well, it is nice to meet you. I am Niki." She smiled at him, and Aizawa forced himself to offer her at least something that resembled a smile back. "Aizawa, and the feeling is mutual." He muttered, gaze shifting to a stack of small pies sitting atop of one of the many shelves. While they looked great, he couldn't spot a price tag. Picking one of them up with the utmost care, he brought it over to the counter where Niki was watching him, softly clearing his throat as he set it down. "How much?" He asked, opening up his inventory.

In his weeks spent on the server, he had learnt quite a bit about how things worked around here. Instead of having any kind of real currency, most trades were done with either diamonds, or any other item of value; he'd seen two men he hadn't yet gotten the names of yet trade a red mineral called redstone for blackstone. It seemed that the economy in this world was a lot more loose than back home. Aizawa couldn't say he minded; he had spent quite a bit of time gathering resources while trying to learn the ins and outs of this world, so trades shouldn't be of any problem.

Niki smiled, shaking her head as she wrapped up the cake in a thin paper bag. "It is free, a welcoming gift. Had I known we had another new player, I would have made you something more special." Her kindness made a genuine smile tug on the corners of Aizawa's lips as he slid the pie into his inventory. "This is special enough, I appreciate it. Thank you." As he was about to walk out, he paused for a moment. "If you ever need anything, my house is just south of here. Go through the woods until you reach a mountain, it is pretty obvious from there." The words felt foreign to his tongue, but it felt like the right thing to say. Niki nodded, repeating a similar sentiment before Aizawa took his leave. Wandering down the path, his communicator pinged again. Huh, the new guy had left already? Odd.

x-x-x

The sun was starting to set as Aizawa made his way towards the community house. He had grown to be less careful as he wandered around, mostly since he now had a cover story as to why nobody had heard of him. He only really had to be wary of Dream, but the masked man hadn't been out and about for a while now. It would have been nice, had the man been anyone else. It just left Aizawa feeling suspicious, like the man was planning something. Maybe that was natural paranoia stemming from years of hunting villains, he wasn't sure.

By the time he reached the community house, the sky had coloured a soft shade of orange, leaving the server feeling rather peaceful. With the war over, the two nations were healing. New plants had started to grow, and some holes that had been around since Aizawa had first joined were filled up. Not all of them, there were still plenty of creeper holes scattered around the server. Those things were still hard for Aizawa to get used to, the monsters of this world. The first time he encountered a creeper he almost died. It was an embarrassing experience he didn't like to think about for too long.

Up ahead, Eret's castle appeared to be mostly finished, the bright colours of the rainbow proudly decorating the otherwise bland walls. There were only a few areas that were still being worked on from what Aizawa could see, though he didn't get particularly close to check. He still had mixed feelings towards the owner of the elaborate building in front of him, the flashes of the four names in chat burnt into his mind. While he logically knew Eret had just done what they thought was right, that the war had pushed them to do something extreme, it was still hard to just be okay with them signing away the lives of their friends for kingship.

Aizawa stood just a few steps from the community house's entrance, admiring the castle from afar. The building was beautiful, even if its creation brought a sour taste to the hero's mouth. Under the soft orange glow of dusk, it looked a lot less grand and towering, but more like an empty fort. Taking another step forward, he caught a better look of the inside; the few rooms he caught a glimpse of from the outside were empty. His brows knitted together. A place so grand having empty rooms? That didn't feel right.

His attention was drawn away from the castle by a pair of footsteps which were rapidly approaching. They were too light to be Dream's; the man carried himself with such force, that even his steps sounded powerful. No, whoever was approaching walked a lot more meekly, like they weren't entirely focused on where they were going. Turning to get a better look of the figure, his eyes caught sight of the all-telling crown and sunglasses. Eret looked tired,

even with their eyes covered. They reminded him of his students after a tough day of classes and training. On those days, they'd carry themselves with the same kind of sluggishness that Eret moved with now, though he doubted Eret had just taken a highschool class.

They didn't notice him at first, almost walking straight past him. At the last second, they halted, turning to face Aizawa. While he couldn't see their eyes, he could only assume they held some form of confusion. The hero was too tired to bother with any real kind of facial expression, his gaze blank as he stared back at Eret. They cleared their throat, straightening up as they seemed to gather their thoughts. They seemed less dazed, at least.

"I thought we only had four new players..." While not phrased as a question, the rising intonation made it clear Eret expected an answer. "There was a glitch. I could not join with the others. I joined later, but no message showed. Dream is trying to fix it." Aizawa lied, ignoring how risky it was to lie to somebody who worked with the very man he was lying about. Just like with Niki, the answer seemed to be enough of an explanation for the royal, Eret nodding a bit as they gave Aizawa another glance from behind their glasses.

"Well, welcome to the server! My name is Eret, and I am the, uh, king, of the DreamSMP." Eret's voice wavered for just a second, some sense of guilt clearly still present. As sick as it made Aizawa to talk to the person who had caused Wilbur and the other L'manbergians to lose a life, it was somewhat comforting that Eret at least seemed guilty of what they did. Aizawa flatly gave the other his name, too tired to be chatty.

"Are you part of L'manberg?" Their tone was a lot to unpack; they sounded both hopeful, and fearful at the same time. Hopeful that he was indeed a part of L'manberg, a sign he could maybe be forgiven for his actions, while also fearful that Aizawa was here for revenge or something of the sort. Aizawa shook his head, casting his gaze over to the bright tower. "No, I'm not. I am not aligned with anybody." It was the truth, for the time being. He wasn't an ally of this Wilbur, not yet. Right now, they were strangers. Their shoulders sagged ever so slightly with both relief and disappointment, a complex wave of emotions washing over their features.

"That must be nice." It sounded so yearning, so bitter yet not quite. Like it was something just out of reach for them, something they wanted yet knew better than to pursue. "Nice is subjective. It is quiet. Less complicated. But also more isolated." Aizawa leaned against a nearby fence, blinking a few times to stave off the headache that was starting to push against his eye sockets. "I think I'd take loneliness over this... mess anyway." Eret muttered to themselves, crossing their arms across their chest almost as if they were hugging themselves.

"What's stopping you?" Aizawa couldn't help but ask, head tilting just a bit as he looked at the royal. It dawned on him how young Eret looked, how sunken in their face was, like they hadn't slept in weeks. "Dream. If I as much as think of stepping out of line, he'll kill me without a second thought." Eret huffed out, shaking their head as they ran a hand through their curls.

Aizawa thought for a moment, watching the sun set over the hills. "Dream is only a man. As much as he acts and seems like more, he is just like you and me." He mused, mostly just thinking out loud. "Without his men behind him, he is all bark and no bite. If your wish is for neutrality, you should pursue it Eret. I am sure if you put your mind to it, you can figure out a

way.” Looking over at the other, he offered them a small nod. “I have seen people with less fight best men like Dream. You have spirit, a determination to make up for what you did. Stick to your own ideas of what is right, and you will do just fine.” A flash of fear passed over Eret’s features as they realised Aizawa knew about the betrayal. Aizawa continued on, not giving them time to interrupt.

“Your actions have consequences, but you can make up for them. Prove you realise you were wrong. Prove to them you can be trusted. Prove that the person who signed their lives away is not the person who stands here before me today.” He gently placed a hand on their shoulder, his grip light enough to be pushed away if Eret decided they didn’t want him in their space. “Dream does not decide how you move forwards. You do.”

A shaky sigh left the trembling adulcent, a hand reaching up to wipe something away from underneath their glasses. “You’re good at this.” A dry chuckle left their lips as they looked at Aizawa with an intrigued look. “I used to be a teacher; it’s what I do.” The hero responded, a faint smile on his lips as he let go of Eret. “Good luck. Come find me if you need me.” With that, Aizawa took off, leaving a conflicted Eret behind.

x-x-x

Callahan knew for sure now that there was a player on the server that shouldn’t be there. With Schlatt being rapidly added and subsequently being banned, Callahan went through the logs once more, just to make sure everything had gone as it was supposed to, when he stumbled upon the private messages of a certain bakery owner. Honestly, he hadn’t meant to read them, but the mention of a new person had made him curious. He didn’t remember Dream mentioning Niki being involved in Schlatt’s break into the server, but it was of course possible that somebody covered for her.

She had been messaging Jack Manifold, a player added the same day as her, about a mysterious new player that had shown up at her bakery. He had claimed to have joined late, due to a glitch. Callahan couldn’t believe it, he finally had proof that there was an imposter on the server! Reading through the entire conversation, he learnt a few things; the player was going by the name Aizawa, they were a bit awkward, and most importantly, they lived north from Niki’s bakery.

Closing the admin panel, Callahan started to gather up some gear. He would go check out the area first before telling Dream about it; if it turned out to be a false lead, he wouldn’t want to waste the man’s time. He was a busy man, and Callahan knew better than to risk getting on his bad side. Grabbing his sword, the reindeer onesie-wearing captain set out into the night to kick out an imposter from the server.

Chapter End Notes

also idk if anybody is interested but i wrote a lil essay on the use of armour in the dsmp plot, you can read it here:

https://www.reddit.com/r/dreamsmp/comments/qg3pdc/armour_and_its_importance_to_the_plot_an_essay_rp/?utm_source=share&utm_medium=web2x&context=3

Reindeer Antlers

Chapter Summary

Aizawa encounters an intruder

Chapter Notes

ello it me

first off: callahan supremacy

second off: yes I'm leaning more into erasermic bc i realised this is my fic and i can indulge if i want to

thank for your support, very pog <3

There was a curious smell of change in the air. As the trees started to colour orange across the server, Aizawa noticed new posters stuck to just about any surface they would stick to. They announced an upcoming election, with the only running party being one by the name of Pog 2020. While the name was confusing enough on its own, Aizawa's confusion only grew as he read over who was exactly running the party. Wilbur Soot and Tommy Innit. The current president and vice president. With no other parties in the race against them, why even bother holding an election? A sinking feeling settled in the back of Aizawa's mind, a seed of worry starting to plant its roots. This didn't feel right.

He'd been waiting for the other shoe to drop for weeks now; it was too quiet around the server, too calm for a place that had been so brutal against its own kind. It didn't help that he barely saw the current president around, the man too busy doing god knows what. That went for most of the members of L'manberg, really; they were all busy bees, living their lives in relative peace now that they weren't under attack anymore. Niki's bakery was doing pretty well, a steady stream of customers passing through it on a daily basis. Aizawa tried to stop by at least once every two to three days, finding a sense of comfort in the way the bakery reminded him of home. Once he got back, the first thing he was doing was going to a cafe and getting a good cup of coffee. Maybe he'd ask Yamada to tag along. As much as he hated to admit it, under the constant silence of the server, he had come to miss the loudmouth.

His friendship with Niki, while still frail, had grown a bit. She told him stories of her life before the server, of how she met the eccentric Wilbur Soot, how he had offered her a safe place in L'manberg. At first she had refused, not interested in fighting a war she hadn't

started. Dream had been the one to reach out to her after the peace had returned, which was curious. Why would the man recruit somebody who so clearly favoured his opponent? Again, Aizawa struggled to understand Dream's way of going about things, but didn't question it. He probably had a reason, some grander scheme Aizawa didn't see.

Niki had been the one to introduce him to Jack Manifold, a man that somewhat reminded Aizawa of Vlad. He wore a pair of white glasses, the lenses coloured a mismatched red and blue, and a headset that was seemingly not connected to anything. He was also a part of L'manberg, having joined the nation shortly after being let on the server. Again, Aizawa's lie about how he got on the server was bought without a second thought. The conversation moved away from the introductions, instead coming to the topic of the upcoming elections.

Apparently, not all L'manbergians were happy there was only one party running. Niki in particular huffed that it wasn't fair that only Wilbur got to decide who could and couldn't run. It wasn't democratic. Aizawa held back from voicing his agreement. He wasn't part of L'manberg, it was none of his business how they ran their nation. Being neutral meant he had to just let things be, whether or not he agreed with them. Jack on the other hand was far from neutral, agreeing that it wasn't entirely fair, but that they shouldn't complain; afterall, the only reason L'manberg was around today was because of Wilbur and Tommy.

"So we're just supposed to let them get away with this?" Niki's tone was sharp as she shook her head, taking in a slow breath in an attempt to calm herself. "Fundy has a plan to sneak his party into the election. Wilbur will probably not kick him out, since he is his son after all. I think I might help him." It wasn't all too surprising that she wanted to join the foxes' campaign; Niki seemed like somebody who always wanted to do right, to follow their morals no matter how grim things are looking. "We won't win, I know that, but... To just hand it to Wilbur feels wrong."

"I wish you luck with that." Aizawa spoke up, the two L'manbergians turning to look at him almost like they forgot he was there. It wouldn't be the first time; Niki tended to forget he was there whenever there were other customers in the bakery, the hero too quiet for his own good as he lurked around the bakery waiting for Niki to have some time to chat. "Are you sure about this Niki?" Jack sounded a lot more hesitant, clearly worried about how this could end up panning out. "Fundy is one thing, but... You sure this is worth pissing off Wil?" His accent was so British it again made Aizawa wonder why only Europe was a constant in his life.

He didn't end up staying for much longer, wanting to make it back home before sunset. He'd learnt his lesson last time he stayed out too long; his shoulder still sometimes clicked weirdly in the spot the arrow had hit him. Skeletons truly were the bane of his existence. As a kid, he'd always been scared of them. They didn't quite haunt his nightmares, but the sight of them still unsettled him. Of course he'd grown over that fear by now, but seeing them move around at night in this server made that irrational childhood fear creep back up.

He knew something was off when he spotted a torch along his walk home that he was damn sure he didn't place; he had laid out a grid a few days ago, in an attempt to fight off the few mobs that managed to survive dawn by hiding under the leaves of spruce trees. Just a few steps off of his usual route, a stray torch stood shabbily pushed into the dirt. Even the stick

used to hold the flame was a different colour to the ones he usually crafted with; oak instead of the spruce Aizawa favoured. With his scarf ready to capture any straggler he came across, Aizawa slowly approached his base.

Cautiously stepping into the damp cave he had made his home in, he tried to spot any sign of an intruder. None of the furniture seemed out of place, everything being just as messy as he had left it. The torches he had placed had gone out, the sole light source in the area being a lantern placed near his bed. Just as he was about to pull a flint and steel from his inventory, he heard a quick shuffle of footsteps, followed by a sword being forced under his throat. He raised his hands in a sign of defeat, thickly swallowing as he felt the cold diamond being pressed against his skin. His attacker moved with a practised swiftness, grabbing ahold of Aizawa's wrists and tying them with his own scarf in record time. Colour Aizawa impressed.

As the attacker pulled Aizawa over to face him, the hero wondered how he had ended up here. In front of him stood a man in a literal onesie, a reindeer one. Underneath it, he wore what looked like it was some form of hero costume that was vaguely familiar to Aizawa. His sword was missing, presumably having been shoved into the man's inventory. That's when Aizawa noticed the man's hands were moving. He could recognise those movements anywhere; he started learning them the day after Yamada admitted he sometimes struggled to hear due to the damage his quirk had done to his hearing. Over the years it had gotten worse, the voice hero getting hearing aids pretty early into his hero career. Seeing somebody sign only served to remind Aizawa of how much he missed home.

'Who are you?' The reindeer was repeating the same question, slowing down at one point as if he assumed Aizawa didn't know sign. Blinking a few times, Aizawa snapped out of his stupor, motioning towards his hands. 'Speak, I can hear.' His attacker rolled his eyes, and Aizawa swore he could sense a hint of sass. "Aizawa Shouta. I came here a few weeks ago to stop something terrible from happening." There was no point in trying to lie; something about the way this man stared him down told Aizawa that he already knew the hero didn't belong here.

The reindeer blinked, pausing for a moment. 'Who sent you?' It was a logical question really, but answering it was a bit more complicated. "Somebody from the future. I can't tell you everything. Even I am lacking some of the details. It was a rather... swiftly made decision to send me back." He stuck as close to the truth as he could without risking the safety of the server. "I came back here to save somebody, somebody who's death starts a chain reaction of misery." Aizawa added on when he realised the reindeer still looked confused. "I can promise you, I have no business in disrupting the server. I am here to help."

'Does Dream cause it?' The question was cryptic, the conflicted expression on Callahan's features not helping. He seemed to be aware of the danger lurking behind the mask, of the destructive streak hidden within the founder of the server, yet also seemed like he wished he wasn't, like he wanted to act blissfully unaware of the monstrous acts his presumable friend might or might not commit in the future. "I do not know yet. I know he causes part of it." Aizawa answered with a sigh. "He is definitely a factor, but calling him the causation might be too harsh. I do know that this upcoming election is the start of something bad."

The stranger paused, head tilting as if he were considering something. ‘How do I know I can trust your word?’ Again, a fair question. Aizawa carefully chose his words, softly clearing his throat. “You can’t. But, I came back here to save a friend. You can either help change the course of history for the better, or watch it all crash and burn around you as your friends die. If you trust your odds, you’re welcome to kill me.” The scarf around his wrists loosened, Aizawa swiftly dumping it back around his neck.

‘Callahan is the name. I do not trust you, but I will let you stay for now. One wrong move and I will ban you, Aizawa. What you have told me stays between us.’ The reindeer had a lot to think about, and his frown conveyed as much. “That is all I can ask for. Thank you.” He could feel his heart pounding in his throat as he watched the reindeer walk away, his figure disappearing amongst the trees. That... went better than expected. He had honestly expected to have to fight his way out of that one. Sighing to himself, Aizawa sluggishly moved to kill the flame in his lantern. He needed a nap.

Explosive Endorsements

Chapter Summary

As the election date draws near, L'manberg hosts an endorsement event. Things do not go as planned.

Chapter Notes

hi it me

thank you for your support <3

sorry for the irregular updates, exam weeks are kicking my ass

Aizawa had never cared much for politics; he tried to stay up to date, but in a world with quirks and superheroes it was sometimes challenging to find the time to look into what new policies were being presented regarding agriculture. Every now and then a new law proposal would cause a big enough uproar that it reached him, but even then he didn't often think about it for too long. He didn't get paid enough to care about whether he had to fill in three or four forms when handing over a case to the police. Besides, underground heroes like him already tended to be flexible with the law; there had been countless cases where he had done shit normal heroes wouldn't have gotten away with. The perks of being unknown.

He hadn't thought the elections would be a big thing, to be honest. L'manberg was still a small nation, even if it had grown quite a bit since its independence. That's why he was surprised to find an invite to an endorsement event tacked to one of the trees by his home. The back had a short note from Nikki; she wanted him to come, as she and Fundy would be announcing their parties' official participation in the election at the same event. While he didn't really care who won, he still decided to go. It would be a good opportunity to get a feel for how the L'manbergians were feeling about the election, plus it couldn't hurt to try and get a few more allies.

It was around noon when he started the hike towards L'manberg, inventory packed with both weapons, armour and food. Nikki had in passing once mentioned the no-armour policy in L'manberg, which had cleared up a few things for Aizawa. He had always assumed it was

just a lack of resources, though it didn't surprise him that Wilbur had made the law with the intention of settling fights with words; he'd talked his way out of almost every fight Aizawa had seen him in so far. The few times he couldn't, it wasn't for a lack of trying. It was admirable, really; Aizawa couldn't remember any other hero that had managed to get a fanbase without ever actually fighting a villain, yet Wilbur had managed to do just that.

Shaking his head a bit, he tried to shove away the memories. He had to move on, this wasn't his Wilbur. This Wilbur, while not a terrible man, was not the hero Aizawa had known. A sigh escaped his throat as the black walls came into view. It was challenging not to think of this Wilbur as the same one he had become friends with. He still remembered the day the man had strolled into his life, TNT in his hand as he delivered a speech Aizawa couldn't remember; he'd been pretty beaten at that point, knocked out before the other could finish his monologue. He vaguely remembers being told something about rest... Thinking about it for too long made an ache settle at the front of his skull.

The walls looked tall as ever, the nation not really appearing to be any different than usual, save for a podium that had popped up just inside the walls. Aizawa swore that hadn't been there the previous day, but then again things on this server kept changing at such a rate it didn't necessarily surprise him anymore. Sinking his nose under his scarf, he stepped through the gates of L'manberg, giving the teenager standing guard a nod. He'd seen the teen a few times by now, though he still didn't know his name. His brown hair was similar to Wilbur's, though he lacked the man's height and sharp features. He didn't seem too pleased to be on guarding duty, which Aizawa could sympathize with.

Four rows of benches were set out in front of the podium, most of them already full. He recognised a few faces in the crowd, some more surprising than others; a few of Dream's henchmen were scattered among the L'manbergians, some even chatting with those they had previously been fighting. He spotted Bad near the back of the crowd, sitting next to a blue skinned man with a box over his head. They seemed to be having a heated discussion, and Aizawa was not in the mood to disturb them. Instead, he moved past the outer rows of benches to find a spot against the wall of one of the buildings surrounding the event area. His arrival went by mostly unnoticed, the only person really reacting to him being Jack, who sent him a friendly smile and a nod. Aizawa returned the nod, before turning his attention to the podium, where a uniformed Wilbur took the stage.

The event was chaotic, to say the least. First off, Wilbur's right hand man Tommy introduced their key endorsement as a man named Vikkstar. By the reaction of the crowd, he was somewhat of a big deal. The video they showed of the man was... odd, but the crowd seemed to love it. Up next was a person Aizawa hadn't seen before by the name of Quackity, who would be running under the SWAG2020 party. His speech was actually quite nice; he didn't seem to be in it for the power, or the glory, but purely because he felt like it wasn't right for

there to be one party. Had Aizawa not been neutral, he might've considered voting for the man. It was a shame Quackity's endorsement didn't show up for the event, leaving his speech feeling slightly unfinished.

Nikki and Fundy ended up going next, bursting onto the stage to announce their party and its policies. Coconut2020 was... just as odd as the other parties. Really, this whole election was odd. It only got weirder as Wilbur near the end of the event suddenly announced he had a second endorsement for his party. A wave of beeps went through the crowd, all coming from the various communicators people carried. Briefly glancing down at the screen, Aizawa's eyes narrowed.

Jschlatt has joined

The name sounded familiar, though he couldn't place it. Looking back at the podium, a man in the suit had taken the stage. Goat-like horns curled from his forehead down into his hair, the tips disappearing among curls. His facial hair was almost worse than Yamada's, the mutton chops making the man look much older than Aizawa assumed he was. As odd as the man looked, the thing that worried Aizawa was how the man rambled, a sharp edge in his tone as he declared he'd never endorse Wilbur, instead deciding to run for president himself. The crowd started to murmur amongst themselves as the reigning president tried to do some damage control, practically dragging Jschlatt off of the stage. Aizawa couldn't shake the feeling that this was the start of something bad. Catching the gaze of a familiar reindeer from across the crowd, the frown on the silent man's features told him that he wasn't the only one who thought so. Whoever this Jschlatt figure was, he was causing quite the stir already.

While he intended on silently slipping away, he was stopped by the same teenager he'd seen at the gate. He seemed to be about the same age as Tommy, though it was hard to tell in a world like this; everybody here looked so young, too young really. "Who the hell are you?" The boy asked, a British accent present in his voice. Aizawa really wondered why there were so many Europeans specifically in L'manberg, but didn't voice the question. He rattled off the same lie he had fed to almost everybody he had met so far on the server. The teen took a second to consider the answer, looking almost doubtful of Aizawa's explanation. If he didn't believe it, he clearly decided not to push it.

"Alright then big man." He narrowed his eyes at Aizawa, who just stared back with a blank gaze. "You can call me Tubbo." The teen seemed to have made up his mind, nodding to himself as he offered Aizawa a hand. A smile spread across Tubbo's cheeks as the tired man gave his hand a firm shake. "I would say you're always welcome here, but... Wilbur is real picky about only letting in Europeans. So, sorry about that big man." The teen let out an

apologetic chuckle. While the statement confused Aizawa, he shrugged regardless. “It’s alright, I prefer staying neutral anyways. I should go. Have a nice night, Tubbo.” With that, Aizawa took off towards the woods, leaving behind a teen who was smarter than he pretended to be.

Election Day

Chapter Summary

The election has some bitter results

Chapter Notes

Sorry for being away for so long, writer's block has been hitting me hard.

Thank you for y'all's continued support <3

(Also just to self promo, I wrote a lil fluf fic about beeduo if y'all are interested <https://archiveofourown.org/works/35451667> & you can find me on all other social medias by the same username, if you're ever curious :))

There was something in the air that made Aizawa feel on edge. He knew it was probably just his paranoia, but as he stood in the crowd, he couldn't help but tighten his grip on his scarf. On the podium above them stood the four different parties, all anxiously awaiting the results of the votes. Well, some of them were anxious; Quackity in particular seemed nervous, tugging on the collar of his suit as if it was choking him. Wilbur and Schlatt looked calm, though there was something cold in the way they looked at each other, like life long rivals finally getting to go head to head with each other. Aizawa recognised it all too well, having seen too many heroes and villains share the same looks before their battles. It stirred something uncomfortable in his stomach.

Tommy on the other hand seemed more excited than anything, practically bouncing across the stage. He was chatting to Wilbur, the crowd too loud for Aizawa to catch anything the teen said. The still reigning president didn't seem to hear Tommy either, too caught up with his communicator. He waved his hand, causing a silence to fall between the people standing on the stage as Wilbur approached the microphone. "The votes are in!"

"With nine percent of the votes, the party that finished in last place is," Wilbur paused, the crowd collectively holding their breath. Aizawa crossed his arms across his chest as he looked up at the stage, trying to calm his nerves. "Coconut2020!" Niki and Fundy cheered, not seeming too defeated by coming in last. They hadn't been aiming to win anyways; It had

been about sending a message, or so Niki had claimed. The crowd didn't seem to know how to react, though Aizawa clapped anyways. He shot the pink haired woman a look, which she returned with a smile.

“Up next, is Schlatt2020 with 16 percent on the votes.” Reading from his communicator, Wilbur's face didn't show any emotion as he spoke. It was curious how good this Wilbur was at masking his feelings. The Wilbur Aizawa knew had worn his emotions on his sleeve, though now the older man was starting to wonder if maybe something had caused Wilbur to grow less caring about showing his true feelings by the time he came to Aizawa's world. “In second place, with thirty percent of the votes...” Wilbur's voice drew Aizawa from his thoughts, the man turning his head back towards the stage.

“Swag2020, meaning that Pog2020 came in first with forty five percent of the votes!” Wilbur's announcement shook the crowd, cheers and shouts erupting from the spectators. The loudest holler came from Tommy, who slung an arm around Wilbur's shoulders as he celebrated their victory. Aizawa knew something was wrong the second he saw Wilbur's eyebrows twitch, the man shrugging off Tommy's arm and moving back to the microphone.

“Hold your cheers everyone, please.” Aizawa felt his stomach sink, straightening up from the wall he had been leaning against. “After the endorsement event, Quackity and Schlatt decided they would pool together their votes to form a coalition government. That means, that with forty-SIX percent of the votes, the winner of this election, is the coalition of Swag2020 and Schlatt2020.” His tone was cold, almost detached in a way. From beside the ex-president, Tommy cried out in confusion, his questions to Wilbur drowned out by the laughter coming from Schlatt.

The losing parties left the stage, leaving behind only Schlatt, Quackity and a man Aizawa had seen once before during the war, the one with the goggles. The latter two looked just as surprised as Tommy that they had won, though their surprise was a lot more pleasant than the teen's. The Pog2020 duo passed by Aizawa as they moved to get seated, the heroes' eyes meeting for just a moment with the ex-president's.

Schlatt approached the microphone, staring down at the crowd for a beat. He reminded Aizawa of a predator looking down at a trapped prey, a villain who knew they had just won. Clearing his throat, a smirk spread out across his lips. “Well, that was pretty easy. And you know what I said the day that I got unbanned from the Dream SMP and the day I said I was running?” He paused, giving the audience a second to breathe. He was a brilliant speaker, Aizawa had to give him that, the man knowing just when to leave a silence. “I said, 'Things are going to change.' I looked every citizen of L'Manberg in the eyes and I said, 'You listen to

me: This place will be a lot different tomorrow.' Let's start making it happen.” His voice dipped low, threateningly low.

“My first decree as the president of L'Manberg, the EMPEROR of this great country, is to REVOKE the citizenship of Wilbur Soot and TommyInnit! Get them out of here! Get them out of here! You're no longer welcome!” That set in motion a series of events. The first was that the duo which had just passed by Aizawa, dashed out of their seats, the ex-president dragging the teen along by the sleeve of his jacket. The second was the wave of arrows being launched into the crowd, aimed towards the fleeing duo. The last thing to happen was an arrow hitting Wilbur straight through the chest. Aizawa would remember hearing that strangled gurgling sound for the rest of his life as he watched Wilbur's body hit the ground. Tommy kept running, even though tears were pouring down his cheeks.

There had been no time for Aizawa to react; Even if he had, the duo had been on the other side of the crowd. Aizawa couldn't have made it to them before the arrows no matter how hard he tried. That didn't stop his chest from feeling tight as he fled the scene, nor did it stop the stinging behind his eyes. Twice now, he'd been unable to save Wilbur. He knew he wouldn't be able to save everybody, hell he knew better than anyone that sometimes people just couldn't be saved, but to fail the one person he was meant to protect twice was enough to break the otherwise oh so pragmatic hero.

His lungs burned as he dashed through the woods, running on pure adrenaline alone. He barely registered the branches hitting him, ignoring the scrapes and bruises that were starting to line his arms and legs. By the time he reached his home, he didn't even notice the new torches lighting up the area through his blurry eyes. Stumbling into his little cave, he felt a sob rake through his body.

Two lives lost, only one left.

-X-X-X-

Tommy didn't know how things had gone to shit so fast. One second, they're about to win the election, the next they're in a ravine and both of them are down to one life. Wilbur looked a little worse for wear, his jacket having a big hole in it where the arrow had hit him. He was pale, and hadn't said much since they had arrived at their temporary hideout. Really, they were lucky to have stumbled upon the place; It was already lit up, though Tommy had added a few extra torches above ground just to make sure no mobs would spawn. The ravine didn't

seem to have been looted yet, though it was hard to tell with how claustrophobic the layout was.

It bothered him that Tubbo hadn't come with them. His own best friend hadn't stopped Schlatt from exiling him, had simply stood by while Schlatt ordered his men to shoot at them. Who does that?! A huf escaped the teen's throat as he slammed his pickaxe against a piece of cobblestone. Maybe, if he found some diamonds, his mood would clear up a bit. It wasn't like he could do anything else at the moment anyways; Wilbur was moping, and Tommy didn't want to deal with that right now.

Instead of diamonds, Tommy found something he hadn't been expecting; Somebody else's tunnel. While it didn't surprise him that somebody else had been mining here before, something else did catch his attention. The tunnel was too high up to be a stripmine, yet it kept going for a bit. His curiosity got the best of him, his feet moving before he could even consider the risk in his actions.

There was a light, so bright it had to be from a lantern or something of the sort, just down the tunnel. Tommy kept his footsteps light, his pickaxe replaced by his sword. Man, he wished he had some armour right about now. Wilbur's stupid rule about no armour was just that, stupid. Look where it landed them; Both down to one life, stuck in a ravine with nothing to protect themselves.

At the end of the tunnel was a room. Tommy didn't know what to make of it at first. It looked almost like somebody had been living there, but that didn't make sense. While there were a lot of players on the server, most of them had proper houses. Sure, there had been a recent new addition to the cast, Hbomb, but Tommy was pretty sure even he already had a house. Taking a second look at the room, he realised it wasn't as empty as he had thought it was. In the corner of the room, stood a bed, on top of which laid a figure. Shit. He'd broken into somebody's house by accident again.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!